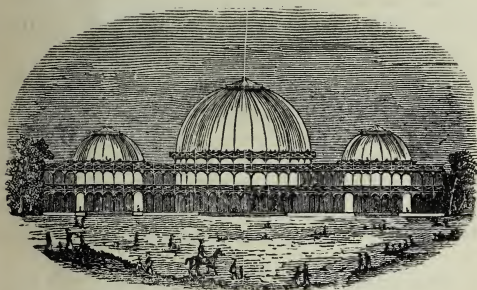


THE GLORIES  
OF THE  
GREAT IRISH EXHIBITION  
OF ALL NATIONS, IN 1853.

BY W. J. BATTERSBY.

To group the glories of the magic scene,  
And show what we can be, and what we've been.



DUBLIN:  
PUBLISHED AT BATTERSBY'S DEPOSITORY,  
10, ESSEX BRIDGE,  
AND SOLD BY ALL BOOKSELLERS.  
1853.

*Preparing for Press.*

## **The Beauties of Ireland by Land and Sea,**

WITH ORIGINAL, GENERAL, PARTICULAR, ARTISTICAL,  
TOPOGRAPHICAL, AND POETICAL DESCRIPTIONS  
AND APPROPRIATE MELODIES.

N.B.—This Work will concentrate, in one volume, more matter, in an engaging form, and at a moderate price, upon Ireland, than has ever before been published.

PATTISON JOLLY, PRINTER,  
12, Anglesea-st.

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OF THE  
GREAT IRISH EXHIBITION  
OF 1853.

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225e 27 E. K. S.  
O Sacred Muse, immortal verse employ,  
For Erin's honor, happiness, and joy—  
That all her sons and daughters now may raise  
Their drooping spirits, to her love and praise.

Come and inflame with patriotic fire,  
All grateful hearts, and every breast inspire.  
On this sweet land of ours, Power Divine !  
Send forth Thy light—and on her people shine.

May this high palace, centre, court, and seat  
Of science, art, and manufactures great—  
Which in famed Dublin, all its might displays—  
Be source of blessings, until endless days !

Moral and social feelings here combine,  
And taste and judgment with invention join ;  
Whilst genius, talent, labor—all agree  
With union, honor, and sweet sympathy.

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Here men of noble and of humble birth,  
Unite in peace, from distant parts of earth,  
As dear associates, free from strife and jar,  
And all the weapons of inglorious war.

Here Industry and Literature are found,  
As on their own delightful, classic ground—  
With all the pow'rs that form the mighty plan,  
Which raises up the character of man.

Here wisdom, knowledge, and artistic skill,  
Show forth the efforts of the human will ;  
Whilst wondrous talents, energy, and force,  
Take all the windings of their varied course.

Here artists, sculptors, chemists—all unite,  
With merchants, traders, and mechanics bright ;  
Whilst princes, nobles, dames, and ladies fair,  
Combine to make this Theatre most rare.

Here painting, drawing, and poetic fire,  
With architecture and design inspire ;  
While press and pencil, canvass, stone, and pen,  
Exhibit all the works of skilful men.

Here history and chronicles agree  
With mathematics and astronomy ;  
Whilst antiquarian, Celtic, old, records  
Show forth our kings, philosophers, and lords.

Here sapphires, amethysts, and jaspers green :  
Beryls and pearls, and emeralds are seen ;  
Topaz, and diamonds, and the ruby bright,  
With gems of gold, and jewels' dazzling light.

Here the great Central, Northern, Southern Halls,  
Present their treasures within magic walls :  
The arms of kingdoms, cities, noted towns,  
With ancient charters, seals, and golden crowns.

Here ancient, modern, mediæval art  
 Entrance the soul, and captivate the heart ;  
 Whilst organs, harps, and all the timbrels' sound,  
 Diffuse their charming melody around.

Church-plate is here with sacred forms impress'd,  
 As emblems of the holy, pure, and bless'd :  
 Chalice, ciborium, ostensorium, pix,  
 Stock, censer, cross, and holy crucifix.

Here printing sheds its brilliant light around,  
 And scatters knowledge, wit, and thoughts profound ;  
 Collects the fruits of judgment, fancy, mind,  
 And sends them forth on wings to all mankind.

Here standard works of mighty authors shine—  
 Prized books of science, human and divine ;  
 Which wisdom, wit, and sterling truths unfold—  
 Emboss'd, illumin'd, clasp'd, and carv'd in gold.

Here printing upon copper, zinc, and stone,  
 In beauty and variety are shewn ;  
 While seals are cut, and dies are sunk so fine,  
 That men forget the marking of the line.

Paper of every hue, and every size,  
 And varied texture here excites surprise ;  
 Whilst pen and pencil, wax and brilliant ink,  
 On this soft substance all their powers sink.

Binding is here in every form and hue,  
 Russia, morocco, calf, green, black, and blue,  
 Emboss'd, embellish'd, and illumed all through ;  
 With carving, gilding, clasps—that brightly shine—  
 Joints, fancy corners, plain and figured line.

Here engines, implements, machines and tools,  
 Are at full work, as in their proper schools ;  
 Whilst busts and statues, models, maps, and views,  
 Show men and climes, in all their varied hues !

Here urns, and monuments, and tombs abound,  
Bringing grave scenes and hallow'd views around ;  
Whilst alcoves, caves, and sweet sequester'd bow'rs  
Enchant the fancy during peaceful hours.

Here the rich produce of our fruitful fields,  
And raw materials which our country yields :  
Frieze, tweed, and linens, silks, in great demand—  
The staple trade of our own beauteous land.

Here keys of commerce—wondrous and sublime—  
Show the velocity of passing time :  
Refracting rays, railways, electric wires,  
Magnetic needles, steam—which all inspires !

Here paper mills, and mills for meal and flour,  
Show all their workings and eccentric power ;  
Whilst pump and harrow, hoe, and boring drill,  
With barrow, trough and cart, shew human skill.

Here mighty foundries, all their works display,  
In copper, brass, lead, iron, metal, clay ;  
Whilst bells, locks, safes, most satisfactory,  
Prove Ireland's famous manufactory.

Here royal chariot in majestic sheen,  
To suit the wishes of our gracious Queen ;  
With carriage, gig, coach, curriele, and car,  
Obtain the praise of artists from afar.

The works of Irish cutlery appear,  
All in their elegance and grandeur here ;  
Knives, forks, and scissors, razors sharp and bright,  
Cutters, and spears, and swords of point and might.

Blackening, ink, matches, blacklead, light for fire,  
Pure starch and blues which ladies fair require,  
Prove here what genius, care, and art may do,  
To raise our trade, and bring it into view.



Here hats, and caps, and bonnets fine and prim,  
Of every colour, form, class, and trim,  
Show that for highest value and best use,  
We can head covering of the best produce.

Here Irish ironmongery and hardware,  
Beams, scales, and weights, prepar'd with skill and care ;  
Spades, shovels, bills, pick, trowel, axe and fork,  
Plough-share, and plough, are ready for your work.

Here telescopes, and gas, and wondrous light,  
Voltaic batteries of power and might ;  
Encaustic painting and daguerreotype,  
Show beauty's traits with living graces ripe.

All that opticians make may here be found,  
To aid the sight and throw sweet light around ;  
With globe and quadrant, telescope and square,  
And microscopes for objects small and rare.

Here china, glass, delft, porcelain, flint and clay,  
Peat, flax, and hemp, and bog oak in full play,  
Sources of wealth and power all display ;  
Whilst Irish birds, most curious, rich, and rare,  
Exhibit wonders, judgment, art, and care.

Here farming skill and engineering arts,  
And horticulture in its nicest parts,  
Fruits, herbs, and flow'rs, and ev'ry plant and tree,  
And fountains flowing lividly we see.

Cedar, maple, mahogany, and yew,  
Oak, ebony, and boxwood come in view,  
With fine carved work and costly gilding,  
For framing upholstery and building.

Watches and clocks, chronometers for time,  
Barometers and dials all sublime ;  
Magnetic needle, and the wondrous chart,  
With music-boxes to cheer up the heart.

Here stuffs of ev'ry quality and shade,  
Which labor, fashion, art, or taste hath made ;  
And haberdashery in varied forms,  
With millinery's work the young heart storms.

Here trunk, portmanteau, dressing case, and chest,  
For army, navy, travelling, home, or rest ;  
With house and furniture in parcels stow'd,  
For ship, camp, lodging, or for use abroad.

Here marble, granite, portland stone you see,  
With jasper, alabaster, porphyry ;  
For churches, altars, halls, and stately rooms,  
Images, vases, pillars, slabs, and tombs.

Here glass of every hue and every kind,  
From various lands abundantly we find ;  
Plain cut and stain'd, with figures rich and rare,  
For windows, mirrors, cups beyond compare.

Here cannons, pistols, guns discharging far,  
And all the weapons used in dreadful war ;  
With gunpowder and flintstone, hard as rock,  
Whose union shakes the air with mighty shock.

Here all the store that healthy beings crave,  
For meat and drink, from morn to eve we have ;  
Fish, fowl, and flesh to answer every call,  
And suit the stomach, taste, and purse of all.

Here hosiery most perfect in its prime,  
And tailoring improved to latest time ;  
With shoes and boots to nature's model made,  
To show that we are perfect in our trade.

Here genuine leather ever good and cheap,  
Calf, vellum, parchment, roan, basil, sheep,  
Morocco, sealskin, chamois soft and loose,  
For harness, writing, and domestic use.



Here carpets, cloths, and blankets rich and fair,  
Exhibiting variety most rare,  
Rugs, flannels, mattings of each size abound,  
For rooms and tables, desks and fancy ground.

Here flax and hemp, and thread, and useful twine,  
That forms the fowler's net, or fisher's line,  
With linen, canvass, sackcloth, sailcloth strong,  
And coils of cable which feel smooth in song.

Here splendid goods from many isles conspire,  
To fill the soul, and every bosom fire,  
From France and Belgium, Holland, Zellverein,  
Asia, and India, China and our Queen.

Relics in silver, bronze and standard gold,  
Flint, steel, and iron, you may here behold ;  
On which memorials of olden bard or chief,  
Are deeply stamped, or stand out in relief.

Here views of churches, chapels, abbeys, cells,  
Prove where the glory of religion dwells ;  
Whilst crosses, shrines, and holy altars stand,  
As faithful emblems in our native land.

Figures of chiefs, of saints, and sages bright,  
Heralds of valor, piety, and light ;  
With views of castles, courts, and towers high,  
Here mount in might and grandeur to the sky.

*Antique remains* which in our land abound,  
Chancels, stained windows, fonts, and holy ground,  
Mitres and croziers, chasubles and stoles,  
Christ's sacred image, and bells with solemn tolls.

Crosses of Cong, Moore Abbey, Monasterboice,  
Kilcrespeen, Kells, and Dunamogan choice,  
Downpatrick, Kilkieran, and Collumkille,  
Which flame the soul and gratify the will.

The cross of Tuam, raised by Connaught's king,  
And O'Haison, which such memories bring ;  
Whilst monuments of bishops, and knights, stand,  
With Lynch of Galway—as wonders of our land.

The noted figure of the great O'Toole,  
The last and best of our own sainted school ;  
With antique time-piece fashion'd like a cross,  
And golden relics which the stones emboss.

The fac simile and glorious silver shrine,  
Of great Patrick's hand, all brilliant here doth shine ;  
And with the shrine of holy Manchin's hand,  
Point to the good old times in Erin's land.

The pillars of the church of Rahan dear,  
And Tuam's famed cathedral appear,  
Fonts of Kilcarne and Curraha are found,  
And bas-relief from Bective Abbey ground.

The Book of Meath, and harp of Brian brave,  
And Dalway harp, near Knockfergus cave,  
The Irish bag-pipes, with melodious tune,  
And charter horn of Kavenagh aroon !

Here olden windows ever clear and bright,  
Show painting's power in a mellow light,  
Whilst effigies of Irish soldiers bold,  
Exhibit valor of the days of old.

Here Irish javelins, pikes and curious spear,  
Swords, shields, and hatchets, and rare arms appear,  
Armlets and rings, breast-pins and brooches pure,  
Bracelets, and bosses, and buckles which endure.

Palstraves, and scythes, hook'd knives and pocket celts,  
Most ancient armour, bodkins, wondrous belts,  
Trumpet mouths wherewith to speak or sing,  
Of ev'ry size, with cheek-plate and neck'd ring.

Here dirk, and caltrap, and the drinking cup,  
To show that warriors always eat and sup ;  
The cromlech's wondrous mighty forms in stone,  
And instruments of horn, brass, and bone.

*The Court of the Fine Arts* how rich ! how grand !  
With master pieces of the painter's hand,  
Wherein we learn the spirit, form, and rules,  
Of English, French, Italian, Flemish schools.

To this famed Vernon and proud Prussia's king,  
Holland and Austria their favors bring ;  
Whilst Metope sculptures in their vigor shine,  
With those of Phideas, Athens, Rome divine.

In marble, plaster, zinc, and copper bright,  
In bronze, and silver, gold, and gems of light,  
Groups, busts, and statues of the men of fame,  
Are here encircled with the artist's name.

And thus old ocean, rocks, and earth's great main,  
Send forth their stores to fill this rich domain !  
Whilst every hill, and grove, and clime supplies  
Entrancing views to raise us to the skies.

And thou, *great Dargan* ! may the voice of fame,  
For ever sound the merits of thy name.  
May thy example Erin's sons inspire—  
Their souls with greatness and their hearts with fire.

And honor to thee, *Benson* ! who thus plann'd,  
This fairy castle in our native land !  
This mighty structure, and this princely hall,  
Where thousands meet at Erin's cheerful call !

To *Roney's* talent, energy, and skill,  
We owe the aid, the union, and the will,  
Of all contributors to this *great mart*—  
Which fires the soul, and gratifies the heart.

And to the *Council*, whose presiding care,  
Gave form and order to this *scene most rare* ;  
And made it worthy every class and clime,  
Be praise and honor to the end of time !

O lovely nation, of the sea-girt Isle,  
May peace and comfort on thee ever smile ;  
May *Industry* with native virtue crown'd,  
And all that's noble in thy land be found.

May commerce throw its magic spells around,  
And manufactures with their fruit abound ;  
May trade and agriculture e'er enhance  
Thy worth, dear Erin, our inheritance.

May heav'n increase thy meadows, flocks, and corn,  
And with full verdure thy sweet fields adorn ;  
May all thy mines, thy fisheries, and woods,  
Be fill'd with plenty of substantial goods.

May thou, sweet Erin, right and freedom gain,  
And may *all* blessings follow in their train ;  
May virtue, justice, and the grace divine,  
On thee for ever, lovely Island, shine.

May the rich blessings of a fruitful soil  
Repay thy sons, for all past pains and toil ;—  
And thy fair daughters, with each charm and grace,  
Be crown'd with glory, happiness, and peace.

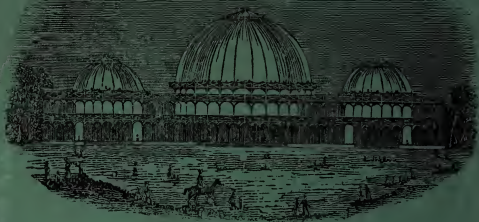
By land and sea may thou, loved *Erin*, be  
The Isle of beauty, joy, and harmony ;  
Whilst all thy people in full chorus raise  
To God, their Maker, an eternal praise.

THE END.





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## THE STATISTICS OF THE GREAT IRISH EXHIBITION.

THIS truly magnificent building, proposed and erected by the noble minded William Dargan, Esq., according to the plan of Sir John Benson, was commenced the 19th August, 1852 and opened, in great state, the 12th of May, 1853, being only nine months in course of erection. It is situated on the splendid grounds of the Royal Dublin Society—with its front to Merrion-square and its rear to Kildare-street—occupying a space of six acres or 265,000 superficial feet.

It is divided into five great courts; or, the Central, Northern, and Southern Halls—with the Fine Arts (in two departments,) and Mediæval Courts to the right, from whence the Fore Court of the Dublin Society, with its Museum and the Carriage Court proceed; and the Machine and Manufacturing courts to the left, and having above two great galleries. The Central Hall is 405 feet in length, 100 feet in width, and 107 feet in height. The Fine Arts Hall is 325 feet long and 50 in breadth. The Machine Hall is 450 feet in length by 50 feet broad. The Fore Court is 500 feet long by 35 feet broad. The entire building forms nearly a square—presenting a frontage of 405 feet in length and 425 feet in depth; being twice the size of the Great Exhibition of New York, and although smaller, in many respects superior to the Crystal Palace of London. The glazing occupies 70,000 square feet, and 26,084 feet of sashing. The contributions, comprising nearly every branch of art, industry, and manufacture, are detailed in groups in "*The Glories of the Exhibition.*"

The expenses have been rated at £70,000, and it is thought will amount to £80,000. The daily attendance has already reached 11,416, and will, it is thought, amount to 20,000 before the close. The Exhibition is open each day (except Saturday, from 10 A.M. until half-past six P.M.—and on Saturday from 12 A.M. until half-past six o'clock P.M.